

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

"Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν."

PLAT. *Phædo*, sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

FEB. 21, 1839.

NO. CLIV.—NEW SERIES, NO. LX.

{ PRICE 3d.
{ STAMPED, 4d.

Amongst the less obvious, but not less certain, aids to the improvement of instrumental performances and to the general well-being of musical affairs in this country, *would* certainly be—the elevation of the condition of performers by a more liberal scale of reward. We will not say that instrumental performers are the most under-paid class of labourers in the country (the never-failing presence of manifold social distress may forbid so large an assertion at any time), but certainly they *are* underpaid, and *very much* underpaid—if we look to what we may fairly consider *ought* to be their rank and estimation.

We are informed on good authority, that the *Concerts à la Musard*, which are now, we are happy to learn, reaping a well-merited success, had their origin in the *necessitous condition* of many excellent performers, who—at all times ill paid—are usually left, in the long dead season of the year, entirely "high and dry," as the sailors say, that is, quite unemployed, and without the resources which good remuneration ought to leave at their disposal in such times. The payment of the *ripieni* at the patent theatres is such as necessarily to keep the powers and efficiency of our orchestras at a comparatively low and stagnant point; for it is not to be expected that accomplished players will be very eager to enlist themselves in a service which promises *bare subsistence* as the ultimatum of their professional prospects. The only wonder is that, with *such* inducement, the orchestras of our theatres should exhibit so much excellence in performance as they do. That this, however, is not what it ought to be, no one, we believe, will dispute, who has had an opportunity of comparing the instrumental performances of our national theatres with those of the Parisians, whose general superiority in this matter is as undoubted as the fact of their being *better paid*.

We understand that the lowest weekly pay of the *ripieni* in the band of the Promenade Concerts in the Strand, averages *treble* the amount given to the same

class of musicians at the patent theatres,* where the drudgery of an opera and a vulgar pantomime is, at the same time, a threefold labour. That some of our first-rate artists should be forced to play quadrilles and waltzes for their living, may be, abstractedly, a matter of regret; but it is impossible not to rejoice at the success of a speculation which has had the effect of improving the condition of many worthy performers, and which promises, we think, as an ulterior benefit, to raise the character and prospects of our instrumentalists generally, by communicating to the public, through the medium of a popular musical entertainment, an increased appetite for the species of music which forms its material, and a proportionate willingness to recognise the claims of those on whose talent they are dependent for the enjoyment.

THE MUSICIAN'S POETICAL COMPANION.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

No. VI.—*Lawless Musical Privileges of Comic Poetry.*

Condescension of Handel and Dryden to "a conceit." Genius of O'Keefe; his song of "Bonny Bet, Sweet Blossom."

[The reason for the change of heading to this series of articles will be gathered from the one before the reader.]

Whenever we think of music, we are so much in the habit of thinking of slow music rather than quick, or at any rate of something serious, tender, or graceful, and opposed to mere levity—much more to the discord of satire, than in our remarks last week on vocal composition, we forgot (except in what was implied by an observation on a passage in Figaro) to say anything of comic music, and to add that it possessed the exclusive privilege of being as "literal" as it pleased; that is to say, of being as ferocious on the word "war," and placid on the word "peace" as the most forte-piano of composers can desire; that it may assume, if it pleases, that the word "above" must always be expressed by a high note and the word "below" by a low one; and may fairly gallop away whenever it speaks of galloping, may "lollop," "trollop," growl, hiss, rush, crash, and scamper about—in short, be as full of caprices as a kid (*caprices* or *caperings* mean the jumpings of kids), "now careering it and now caracoling it (as Sir Thomas Urquhart has it) along the polygonal plainness of its twisted thread." All animal spirits indeed, the most graceful, partake of this latter privilege of eccentric movement; but they touch upon the comic or farcical when they become literal, and comic music alone has the entire right of endeavouring to paint sense by sound, and of opening, as Munden's face used to do, the whole store-house of mimicry. When Handel condescended to make a distinction of high and low on the words—

"Depth of pain and height of passion,"

he condescended (without irreverence be it spoken) to write nonsense—as his author, Dryden, had done in the words themselves; for there is no north and south of height or lowness in pain and passion; the geography of the matter might as well have been turned the other way, and spoken of

Height of pain and depth of passion.

Handel, therefore, in this instance, condescended to a *conceit*; that is to say, to something begotten of his own, or his author's, mere fantastic will and pleasure, apart from the truth. But on the other hand, for the very same reason, or rather because the comic deals in truths of oppugnancy, and has a right of departure from the beautiful and consistent, (though often for the purpose of re-

* We perceive it stated in a paragraph in the "Sun," that Mr. Macready has lately raised the wages of the band of Covent Garden Theatre. We hope that this report is well-founded. If so, the circumstance is highly honourable to his management.

calling truth and beauty from their own errors,) this same conceit would tell with the utmost propriety in a comic song. So also in the mixed comic and serious, as in the ghastly humour of the witch's song so finely set by Purcell,—

"The owl is abroad, the bat and the toad,
And so is the cat-a-mountain."

The reader recollects how in the line, here marked, the notes ascend on every word till they suddenly drop on the last syllable to the lowest note of the octave with which the air commenced. Now we have no doubt whatsoever that the sensitive and imaginative mind of Purcell had felt an instinctive, if not a conscious impulse (probably both) to illustrate, in these notes, at once the determined whiskered look of this formidable personage, the wild cat, and the main feature of the very locality which he haunted; and, therefore, availing himself of as much literal license as was compatible with the requisite beauty of an incantation, he painted in the ascending notes—the *mountain*, and in the sudden drop on the octave—the *cat*. At all events such is the invariable effect of the passage on ourselves. We feel first ascending the grand and serious earthy elevation, and then at the top of it suddenly looking out of it, as it were, in semi-comic sympathy with the whiskered domination of its inhabitant.

Far be the reader from supposing, in consequence of what is said at the beginning of this article, that we have not the highest regard for good comic writing of all sorts, and delight to be borne away, as much as anybody, on the swiftest wings of the most fantastic footing of merriment. This is not only the case, but we take the liberty of thinking that our beloved countrymen in general do not sufficiently give way to their humours in this respect, or encourage (with one abundant exception in Mr. Dickens) their free development, as they used to do; for surely it was otherwise in the good old days of glees and catches? Nay, not fifty years ago, there was a writer flourishing on our stage, with a most original and daring, yet delicate vein too, of extreme drollery, luxuriating upon a ground of more serious feeling, (generally the case with the greatest humourist,) whose writings are nearly forgotten, simply because we have not fancy and animal spirits enough among us to give them their proper light and shade in the perusal. We allude to O'Keefe. We have since had, it is true, and still have, a number of humorous dramatic writers, some of them with talents of what is called a "higher order," and many very amusing; but none with his pockets so full of the requisite small coin from Nature's mint. None of them, in any sense of the word, have appeared to us so *happy* as he; none so child-like, so truly joyous, so full of faith in good and loving as well as laughable things, and therefore so enabled to enjoy; with such an absence of malice in his satire, so crowning the efflorescence of his wit and animal spirit with the fragrance of good nature. The managers were first astonished at what he set before them, doubted its success horribly, then laughed immoderately, then ventured it, still doubting, before the public, who laughed till they cried again, and *truth* was recognized, as it always is—if gallantly ventured and well supported. And O'Keefe was very lucky in these respects: he had Edwins and Johnstones for his actors, Martyrs for his actresses, and Shield and his own native airs for his music; and Shield was of a nature congenial with his own, as far as a relishing simplicity went. There was the same difference between this well-assorted pair and other writers of the day (Burns excepted) as between nature and art, or faith in something and in nothing, or a sophisticated fine lady and a blooming, good-natured country girl. But Shield's muse was the country girl without the excessive vivacity of O'Keefe, at least she was never so lively when out of the other's company. Her heart was as good, but not quite so merry and open. Shield's might have looked a little serious if the parish priest was coming; but O'Keefe's would have gone dancing on over the hayfield, *pretending to pretend* not to see him, and then have come plump in his way, with a breath stopping so happily short, and so entire an expression of confidence in his goodness, that the good man would have sighed to think of the days when he was a bachelor.

See what it is to write of poetry and music, and into what paths they bear critics themselves away! When we commenced these articles we intended to make them as short as the size of the "Musical World" seemed to require, and

to confine them to the selection of such "words for composers" as had not been already set. But the delightfulness of the subject has already made us vary and enlarge our plan, and at the present stage of it we feel impelled to enlarge it further, if not in execution yet in comprehensive uses, so as to enable us, when disposed, to lay before the reader *any* poetry of the *cantabile* sort, whether it has already been composed or not. There will still be an abundance of words hitherto untouched; and such being the case, the musician himself, we conceive, will prefer our running at will over all the rest of the poetical field to gather him what flowers we like, whether his predecessor bees have or have not sung over them before him.

O'Keefe's works are out of print; indeed, we doubt whether any complete or warranted edition has yet been made of them; and we are sorry we cannot here extract such a specimen as should do justice to the more comic side of his animal spirits—especially those exquisite, illustrative burdens of his songs, full of *seeming jargon*, but intimating dozens of meanings, in half real, half fantastic words, coined for the occasion, and evidently the result of the moment's impulse. And yet it might be necessary, perhaps, for two-thirds of readers in ordinary to be charged with *champagne*, before their ears would have sufficient glow in them to be ready to receive the joyous extravaganzas.

Well—"God help the wicked!" as Falstaff says; and let us hope that England, some day, will be "merry England" again, and still merrier than before. In which good trust, we must content ourselves at present with at least doing what we can do, in honour and exemplification of the charming little muse of O'Keefe, whom he has involuntarily described in one of the lines of our extract—which we leave the reader to find out. The song was set to music by Shield with all his congenial feeling, and was a great favourite with the generations before us, as its everlasting freshness will still make it, wherever it is met with, by eyes that can discern a real flower from an artificial one. The little bits of art that occasionally appear in effusions of this sort are only modest tributes to a prevailing style, and no more affect the genuine nature of them than the last new bit of ribbon "from London" spoils the otherwise simple dress, and the cordial village bosom, to which Tom or Henry has made a present of it.

THE SWEET BLOSSOM.

No more I'll court the town-bred fair
Who shines in artificial beauty;
For native charms, without compare,
Claim all my love, respect, and duty.
Oh, my bonny Bet, sweet blossom!
Was I a king, so proud to wear thee,
From off the verdant couch I'd bear thee,
To grace thy faithful lover's bosom,
Oh, my bonny Bet!

Yet ask me where those beauties lie—
I cannot say in smile or dimple,
In blooming cheek or radiant eye;
'Tis happy nature—wild and simple.
Oh, my bonny Bet! &c.

Let dainty beaux for *ladies* pine,
And sigh in numbers trite and common;
Ye Gods! one darling wish be mine,
And all I ask is lovely *woman*.
Oh, my bonny Bet! &c.

Come, dearest girl; the rosy bowl,
Like thy bright eye, with pleasure's dancing;
Thou art my heaven, *so take my soul*,
With rapture every sense entrancing;—
Oh, my bonny Bet! &c.

We must not conclude this paper without observing, that there is a countryman of Mr. O'Keefe's (Mr. Lover) who ought to have been mentioned the other day in our list of living writers, and who, from the very few specimens which it has hitherto been our chance to see of his productions, appears to us to possess a pure vein of similar healthy and loving feeling, if periodical writing (Heaven save us all!) do not hurt him in the cultivation of it. The school (if the critics insist on calling the green fields and the birds a "school") is an excellent one, by no means too numerously attended, and extremely desirable of enlargement. Burns is the great master in it, not, indeed, with the animal spirits, though with far greater spiritual strength than O'Keefe, who is nearer allied to Allan Ramsay, another genuine hand. There are several other Scottish "occasional" writers, who have the merit of belonging to it, and among them two or three ladies—we beg O'Keefe's pardon—"women," we should say; at the head of whom, albeit she was a lady born, and an earl's daughter, is the authoress of "Auld Robin Grey"—the divinest ballad in the world.

ALE AND BEER MEASURE.

We venture to bespeak universal attention to the following startling narrative. Good God!—But we won't anticipate.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Gentlemen—The musical profession is indebted to you at all times, for your endeavours to exalt in the estimation of the public their delightful science, which is gaining rapid ground in this country. They therefore appeal to you for your advocacy of their claims with reference to the treatment of the Guards' Band by His Grace the Duke of Argyll, the present Lord Steward of Her Majesty's Household.

I find that it has hitherto been the custom on every occasion requiring the attendance of the Band at the Palace, to give them *a supper and a pint of wine each*. The Duke of Argyll is, however, now of opinion, "that from the sphere of life in which the members of the Band moved, they were not in the habit of drinking wine, which was a superfluous and unnecessary expense, and he should therefore substitute *a quart of ale* henceforward."

As an amateur, I take leave to *protest against this insulting degradation*. The matter has attained great publicity, and excited proportionate surprise; but *no notice has been taken by the parties in power—no extenuation set forth—no explanation given!* Your experience, gentlemen, of the musical profession, would render it unnecessary to address myself to you to prove that an expensive education is in most cases an indispensable qualification for a person desirous of embracing the life of a musician; but I put it to your readers, whether the amount thus expended on many of them, would not—devoted in another channel—have placed them in any of the professions which are considered on the footing of gentlemen, accustomed to mix in good society, and be "permitted the habit of drinking wine." *It is a lesson* which will not fail to have the effect of causing many a promising amateur to *turn away in disgust* from a pursuit which is *so much discouraged* by those high in authority. The Duke of Argyll is a servant of the Queen, as much as each individual of her band, and at least they have the advantage on their side of not being overpaid, a compliment which it is impossible to extend to his grace; but passing by the contumely of the proceeding, *its injustice calls loudly for redress*. Most of the members of the Guards' Band hold situations in the metropolitan theatres and other places of amusement, and when they are called upon to perform at the Palace (a call often suddenly, and sometimes capriciously made), it is a loss to them of from five to ten shillings per night. If therefore, it had been communicated to them that it had been considered advisable for them to receive, in lieu of their pint of wine, a stipend which might be devoted to paying their deputies, no cause for dissatisfaction could exist; but no! they are obnoxiously told, "you are not in a sphere of life to drink wine, and you shall therefore be allowed ale instead." The contemptible parsimony of this scheme has just had the effect doubtlessly intended, for I am informed that not only is the wine saved, but the ale and supper also; the band having refused to partake of refreshment *tendered under circumstances so repugnant to their feelings*.

Unless the disgraceful economy which gave rise to this alteration is reversed, and a proportionate allowance in cash substituted, I fear this will be another memento to place by the side of the treatment of our English singers at the Palace, and the withholding payment of the coronation money for six months after it was due, upon both of which occasions I have had the honour of addressing you. I am gentlemen,

Your most obliged servant,

A. J. S. E.

January 21, 1839.

Was ever anything so iniquitous, so monstrous, as this proceeding of the Lord Steward? Surely the whole musical profession will rise like one man, to revenge the horrid insult offered to them in the persons of the Guards' band, by this atrocious inroad on ancient privilege—this nefarious attempt to supersede the immemorial pint of wine—this unparalleled *quart of ale*! Our correspondent, it will be perceived, protests against it “as an amateur;” by which we gather, at least, that he is no *professed* wine-bibber, but only an humble, yet doubtless sincere, lover of the juice of the grape. He informs us that the unconstitutional proceeding has already gained great publicity, and “excited proportionate surprise;” but “no notice has been taken of the matter by parties in power, no extenuation set forth, no explanation given!” We conceive it to be incumbent on all lovers of music, therefore, professional or otherwise, to agitate for the redress of this intolerable *quart of ale*. Let meetings be held in every part of the country, let petitions be sent up to both houses of parliament, and let resolutions be passed, pledging all professors and “amateurs” to get regularly drunk with wine, at least once a day, like “*gentlemen* accustomed to mix in good society,” until this vulgar and obnoxious regulation of the Duke of Argyle be repealed. Till then, let not a single drop of ale or beer, or any mortal mixture whatever of malt and hops, pass down the undcr valued throats of the profession; let Barclay's entire be entirely prohibited; let nothing but claret and port be drunk, and this with a freedom, and an effectual constancy, that shall place beyond the possibility of question that claim to the honors of “expensive education,” on which our correspondent so feelingly, and with just pride, enlarges. In short, it appears to us, that musicians have a peculiar, but imperative duty to perform at this moment—no “*malt duty*”—but a much higher, more genteel duty, a *wine duty*—a duty which they owe to the dignity of their profession, and to the sacred name of music; we conceive that they are called upon to drink wine to *spiteful excess*, in mere vindication of their honor as “gentlemen,” and to show the world that they possess the “indispensable qualification for a person desirous to embrace the life of a musician.” Away with empty professions then! The time is come for *action*. Those who are in the habit of professing the love of music, will now have their pretensions tested; it will be in vain for them to allege an admiration of Mozart, if they will not unite to restore to the Guards' band their pint of wine; they have no ear, no taste, no soul for music, if they do not repudiate with indignation the contumelious quart of ale; they are “fit for wars, and stratagems, and spoils,” they don't know their notes, Beethoven is a dead letter to them—they are mere quacks and false pretenders, if they do not cry “Fie!” upon this “refreshment tendered under circumstances.”

As for the Duke of Argyle, the shabby and “unjust *steward*” of her majesty's household, we have no hesitation in saying, that the disgrace of this proceeding of his will eventually recoil upon himself. We trust that the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Berghers, and other of the nobility, patrons of music, will mark their sense of his conduct by never taking wine with him again. Nor can we doubt that the insult thus offered to the Guards' band, is pregnant with consequences deeply embarrassing to the queen's service. How can the lord steward expect the performances to be executed as usual, with “refreshment tendered under circumstances?” How can he hope for the same spirited playing on this quart of ale, which was used to proceed from the alienated pint of wine? With such a *quart drunk*, how can he ever again expect to have a *quart-eat*? Such conduct is enough to rouse a whole Temperance Society. Once more we express our cordial sympathy with A. J. S. E.—whom we take to be himself one of the defrauded wine-drinkers—our unaffected contempt for the parsimony of the lord steward, and our burning resentment of the “insulting degradation.” Beyond a question, nothing was ever so oppressive as this measure—this illiberal measure—this vulgar—this “*ale-and-beer measure*!”

REVIEW.

God thou art Great. A sacred cantata for four voices, composed by Louis Spohr. Op. 98.

This work, composed by Spohr for the Frankfort festival of last year, possesses many beauties. The graceful melody of the soprano solo accompanied by chorus; the elegant simplicity of the duet for treble and tenor; the chorus in G minor, "Walk ye," which is constructed on an entire new model, and the final fugue, are all excellent points in the composition. It is in the opening chorus alone, that we are reminded of a peculiarity of harmonic progression, which has of late years tinged the productions of Spohr with mannerism. The whole may be considered as a work depending for its full effect on a refined style of choral performance—the acquirement of which its study and practice will greatly facilitate. In this point of view, as well as for its intrinsic merit, the cantata may be considered as a valuable addition to the stock of good sacred music.

Cramer and Co's series of Standard Italian, German, French, and English Operas, carefully adapted from the full score, for the Pianoforte; by Alfred Devaux. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

We have before us, Don Juan, Fidelio, Gazza Ladra, Oberon, and L'Elixir exceedingly neat in the typography, accurate in the arrangement, and elegant in the appearance, and what is most to the purpose, published at a rate that brings nearly the whole library of the modern lyric drama, that is to say, twelve of its most popular operas with an outlay of three guineas. Let no one say that the publication of cheap music is not making progress in England, when a speculation of this kind is entered into by one of the first houses. The Germans gave us the original notion of an opera published without words; a plan extremely serviceable to those who, without singing much, or pretending to get up the original scenes of the opera, wish to entertain themselves at the piano with pleasant recollections of what they have heard. If the English have not outdone the Germans in cheapness, they have certainly surpassed them in the quality and execution of their work. This collection of operas is a real curiosity in musical typography and publication.

Reveries Napolitaines. Six Ballades avec des paroles Italiens et Accompagnement de Pianoforte composées, par G. Donizetti.

Donizetti in our opinion, succeeds better in a collection of ballads than in an opera. Instances of an elegant feeling for music may be culled here and there from the writings of those who, in modern dramatic musical criticism, are said, not without some justice, to belong to the "washy Italian school." Between a long dramatic work, which requires all the resources of a master-spirit to support it, and a nicely finished song for the drawing-room, there is a world of difference; as we hear one or two such pretty songs as these, our prejudices subside, and the composer who fatigued us in the Opera House, becomes agreeable in another sphere.

That the Italians, whatever their music may be, possess the true secret of the vocal art, there cannot be a question. Theirs are the traditions of song; theirs the nature in which melody seems to flourish as in a genial soil; nor can we doubt this, when we observe how common style is to the humblest Italian artist. It is not the most profound, intellectual, or impassioned part of music in which the new Italians excel; but what they afford, is still, excellent examples of a style, and in this we may profit by them. Such songs as these of Donizetti, will be found advantageous as studies for drawing-room performance, to which they will impart the necessary grace and finish.

The musical atmosphere in which Donizetti lives at Paris, is sensibly modifying him as an artist. We may expect better things from him, if he do not sacrifice too much to that disorderly harmony and contempt of the canons of composition which distinguish the "romantic school."

L. E. L.'s Song, "Sleep heart of Mine." The Music by Eliza Flower.

One of the beautiful lyrics of L. E. L., set with that nice feeling for expressive harmony that distinguishes Miss Flower. The composition is an elegant tribute to the genius of the departed.

RUNJEET SINGH.

This interesting barbarian is musical, it seems. In the interview with Lord Auckland which took place lately relative to the present political circumstances of the East, the following bit of dialogue, as reported in the *Times* of last Thursday, introduces us to the above fact with a pleasing absence of circumlocution; for Runjeet is obviously a fellow with "no nonsense" in him. Lord Auckland having, just previously, made a remark of a wholly political and diplomatic nature, as he is apparently pausing for a reply, Singh, with a sublime irrelevance, remarks:—

"*I am fond of music.* Is that the same band I heard at Umritsur?"

LORD AUCKLAND.—Yes, the same; but we have such a band to every regiment.

RUNJEET SINGH.—*I like music*; it pleases the soul, and inspires the soldier in the hour of battle. I have gone to much expense and trouble to create bands in my army."

"After this," says the report, "a conversation took place about the guns to be presented, and the camel battery, &c.; and then the band was introduced, and played so loud, that it was scarcely possible to hear what was said."

As Runjeet Singh (by the way, *did* Lord Auckland hear Runjeet *sing*?) has gone to so much expense for bands, it would be interesting to know whether he keeps them on *wine*, or adopts the *ale and beer measure*! Our readers will observe from a previous article, how one of our own bands is off in this respect. On the whole, with such a desirable enthusiasm for military music on the part of Runjeet, and his apparently liberal intentions, we strongly recommend our unfortunate guardsmen; under the conduct of A. J. S. E., to migrate from this country, and go into the service of the Asiatic prince.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir—I rejoice to see that the old fashioned but long severed union between the poet and the musician seems approaching to something like a revival, and that Mr. Leigh Hunt does not think it beneath the dignity of his "order" to appear as a contributor to a work devoted to another art—different indeed, yet not dissimilar. I am happy also (at the distance of how many years?) to renew a little intercourse with that gentleman, of whom my last recollection is—a Christ Church boy in his coarse blue coat, yellow petticoat and stockings: our two brothers John Hunt and Richard Taylor being then fellow apprentices at Mr. Davis's printing-office in Chancery Lane, and I a lad, the youngest of the party, fresh from the country. The friendship of poets and musicians is of old standing, as he well knows, both in Italy and England,—Dante and Casella, Shakspeare and Dowland, Jonson and Ferrasbosco, Milton and Lawes, are instances enough in proof of this delightful, honourable, natural union. *Esto perpetua*!

Mr. Hunt's quotation of the exquisite stanzas from the "*Fairie Queen*" reminds me of one of similar beauty in the "*Gerusalemme Liberata*," which was set to music by Luca Marenzio, the cotemporary of Tasso. Such instances are rare in the Italian musicians of that age, except in the case of Petrarca. I will take the liberty to quote them to save your readers the trouble of referring to the poem.

"Vezzosi augelli infra le verdi fronde
Temprano a prova lascivette notte,
Mormora l'aura, e fa le foglie, e l'onde
Garrir, che variamente ella percote.
Quando taccion gli augelli, altro risponde:
Quando cantan gli augei, piu lieve scote:
Sia caso, od arte, or accompagna, ed ora
Alterna i versi lor la musica ora."

Is Fairfax's translation much inferior in descriptive truth to the original?

"The joyous birds, hid under greenwood shade,
Merrily chaunted on each branch and bough:
The wind, that in the leaves and waters played,
Murmuring sweetly sung and whistled now.

Ceased the birds—the winds loud answer made,
And while they sung it rumbled soft and low :
Thus, were it hap or cunning, chance or art,
The wind in this strange music bore its part."

The translation is so close that I found no great difficulty in adapting Luca Marenzio's music to the English words, and I mean to insert the Madrigal in a selection from the works of the great Italian masters (and *great* they assuredly were) of that day, "brought to speake English," as my worthy fellow labourer Mr. Yonge in days of yore expressed it, "in favour of such as take pleasure in musicke and voyces."

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

3, Regent Square, Feb. 11, 1839.

EDW. TAYLOR.

Will you allow me to take this opportunity of saying that since I last addressed you I have had many valuable contributions to the Gresham Library, particularly from Sir Robert Inglis, Mr. Spottiswoode, Mr. Nicks, Messrs. Cramer and Co., Messrs. Munro and May, Mr. Whall of Lincoln, Mr. French of Windsor, Mr. Russell of Liverpool, Mr. J. M. Harris, the Rev. Mr. Read of Peckham, Mr. Richard Taylor, and Mr. W. Nield.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE. METROPOLITAN.

MR. BARNETT'S NEW OPERA.—There are a great number of pleasing conversational duets in "Farinelli." This feature of the opera may be pointed out as its chief excellence. Mr. Barnett's force as a musician resides rather in his elegant feeling as a harmonist and in his fondness for independent features of the orchestra and well planned effects, than in melody, or in the forcible painting of dramatic situation. We are inclined to think that he depends too much upon the resources of his orchestra, and the good harmonies he has always at command, to make things pass that are far from worthy of the magnificence of accompaniment expended upon them; and, judging from the *libretti* upon which he has hitherto exerted himself—fertile in critical objection as to incident and situation, perhaps beyond any modern works—we should say, that there remains for him to exercise a double power, when the scene permits him,—to interest the sympathies, and entertain the understanding of his auditory, as much as his music always enables him to gratify their ears. There is scarcely any example of an opera, except the "Zauberflöte," with a ridiculous, uninteresting plot, taking a thorough hold upon the stage. United to fine situation, and unfolding itself gradually with a succession of well-connected scenes, dramatic music affords the greatest of musical pleasures, and its production is to be placed among the highest efforts of musical genius. By lightly accepting his dramas, and appearing to exercise over them none of that judgment which is at once the privilege and the duty of the true *maestro*, we conceive that Mr. Barnett has never yet done himself complete justice. But more of this when we come to speak of the book of "Farinelli."

The employment of three low male voices—Stretton, Giubelei, and Balfe (two basses and one baritone) against two high soprani—Miss Romer and Miss Poole, is a disadvantage to the pieces of *ensemble*. Though Balfe sings his music beautifully, and wants only physical power to give effect to his charming conception of the phrases of his part—the want of a tenor presses upon the ear and communicates a heaviness to the music. We suspect that the original design of the composer has been modified and adapted to the existing power of the house. It is impossible to dwell in long-sustained cantabile movements, mixed with frequent bravura passages, on a voice of the same quality as Balfe's, with the satisfaction that one would on a brilliant tenor. Indeed, it may be asked, where is our stage at the present moment to find one?

The *buffo* part of Gil Polo, physician to the king (Guibelei), is exceedingly well sustained. Wherever there are no grand pieces of pretension, no *set* songs, or *scenas*, to claim our attention purely as music, there we find Mr. Barnett succeeds with a vivacity, ease, and grace, that he is himself, we believe, quite unconscious of. His comic style is original, without being quaint, laboured, or

fantastic; he imagines the prettiest phrases possible in the orchestra, and brings in the words of the dialogue with considerable skill and emphasis. It is in such moments as these that we are always glad to listen to him, secure of entertainment from the subjects on which he employs his orchestra, in the arrangement of which he every year develops a great progress.

The songs, we confess, are to us far less entertaining. On the night we attended many of them were omitted, and those that remained made us but little regret the excision the work had sustained. The songs of Miss Romer (Elizabeth Farnese, Queen of Spain), are all of a desponding, melancholy cast; but, from what has been effected, we should judge that her situation has excited little sympathy in the breast of the composer. Indeed, the whole *serious* business of the piece is strongly provocative of a laugh. Of the wild work made with the history of Farinelli—his running off with a girl from a convent—singing in the street—his being heard by the king—and invitation to the palace, we shall say nothing. But the whole interest of the first act centres in the royal hypochondriac, and he—though the people are in frequent insurrection, shouting "the king!" "the king!" and threatening to burst into the palace, all which tempts you to think something is coming—only makes his appearance (in a scarlet embroidered dressing-gown) just as the curtain descends on the first act, and then only, as it appears, for the purpose of making a few expressive grimaces. As tedious, though less laughable, are his scenes with the queen in the second act, in which he is full of reproach and suspicion, and she of protestations of innocence: it is impossible to feel the slightest interest in either. A man, suffering from an attack of indigestion and bile, exhibited on the stage, is an object of pity mixed with some contempt; we feel that he ought to be under the care of his nurse and his doctor. The king, partly cured of his melancholy by the singing of Farinelli, is completely restored by breakfasting with the singer, and goes into such ecstasies over the viands as would become the most confirmed *bon vivant*. The transition is violent and revolting, and, in our opinion, very badly managed; we pitied Stretton, who did the most for himself, considering his unfortunate circumstances. We wish Mr. Barnett a happier alliance in his next play-wright.

MOSCHELES' MATINEE MUSICALE.—When we entered, we found Mr. Moscheles in the thick of a complex and difficult prelude and fugue of Sebastian Bach (D minor, in five parts), which, however, might have been as simple and easy as possible—for anything that could be discovered to the contrary from the style of the player; nothing could exceed the ease and spirit with which this fine composition was given, and the manner in which it was received by the audience encourages us to hope, that a taste for the rare old masters is growing with the growth of our musical perceptions. The overture to Alexander's Feast (Handel), which followed, displayed a comparative poverty, that must have struck those who had most relished the previous performance. In the "Schäfer's Sontagslied," or the Shepherd's Sabbath-hymn, Mr. Moscheles has well preserved the character of rustic quaintness which belongs to the words of Uhland; it was sung with good effect, by Herr Kroff. A work, or works, of a nameless description, succeeded—a something which we are at a loss to classify—without number, gender, or person; a sort of monster begot twixt vocal and instrumental music, by the eccentric Mr. Liszt, which Mr. Moscheles did the composer the favour of putting to a practical test, by performing it (them?) with all the effect of which it was capable; and the result of the experiment was something so remote from pleasure or edification, that we, for our parts, do by no means encore it, nor should pine at all, we believe, if we heard that it was henceforth to be banished the concert-room, and every other room. The thing consists of three songs of Schubert (as the bill luckily tells us—else how know?) which Mr. Liszt has put to the rack after the manner of the new school of musical *Inquisitionists* that has sprung up on the continent, to extort from them, we suppose, some beauties hitherto unconfessed; but with no better success, unfortunately, or more harmonious result, than would attend the torturing of a pig! Schubert, in fact, had *nothing* to confess; he expressed everything that was on his mind in his songs, at the time of writing them, and being now tortured by Mr. Liszt, he simply *howls*; for which we freely forgive him. We confess we listen to the compositions or *conglomerations* of Mr. Liszt, most listlessly. If the musical taste of the public is inclining

in the direction we are induced to believe it is, we hope soon to see productions of this school laid on the very top shelf of oblivion, or—with more propriety—

“upwhirl'd aloft,
Fly o'er the backside of the world far off
Into a limbo large and broad, since call'd
The Paradise of Fools.”

Whatever might be thought of the composition, there could be but one opinion respecting the *performance* of the above work—a perfect cascade of difficulties, which served to exhibit Mr. Moscheles' powers of execution in their most extraordinary point of view. Beethoven's trio in the second part, was a special treat; and Mr. Moscheles' own characteristic studies formed another interesting feature; respecting which, we only felt disposed to complain that they were not placed in an earlier part of the concert scheme. They are most masterly productions, and it is an act of self-injustice to serve them up as a last course in the entertainment, when the appetite of auditors is already blunted.

The next of this attractive series of concerts will take place on Thursday the 28th instant.

PROMENADE CONCERTS AT THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—We visited this popular place of amusement on Monday last, and were more than ever convinced that the concerts are likely to promote the cause of good music; not that the selections are very classical indeed, but that *shilling* hearers enjoy here a musical entertainment of a character which was formerly denied them on any terms within their reach, while the music itself, even in its least praiseworthy features, is, for the most part, such a compromise between the good and the popular, as is, doubtless, best adapted to the object of musical *instruction*, and best calculated to lead the way to the understanding and appreciation of instrumental composition by the mass of the public. If it were not for this, we should perhaps complain of the committee for not introducing a greater number of first-class works into their schemes; for when we see such an able body of performers as the band at these concerts displays, working together with the precision and effect which practice has given, we naturally desire to behold them devoting their energies to those productions of genius which best merit their attention. Such overtures as that of Ricci to the *Nuovo Figaro*, and of Herold to the *Zampa*, are mere third-rate echoes of the orchestral noise and impertinence of Rossini. The best name in the scheme of Monday was that of Weber, but unfortunately it was connected with his *worst* overture, the one to *Preciosa*. Of the new pieces, or pieces performed “for the first time,” we were best pleased with a quadrille of Musard, entitled *L'Eclair*, which though it did not commence in a manner promising much interest, concluded with a piece of *counterpoint*, on an elegant and flowing motive, that had a most charming effect, so much so that we would gladly have transferred to it the encore which attended one or two less meritorious pieces in the concert bill. A new waltz of Lanner, *Die Abenteuer*, did not captivate us. The only fault in the concert, as a whole, and it is one which must not unfrequently be felt, was, that with quadrilles *so like overtures*, and overtures *so like quadrilles*, there was a want of variety in the general effect.

PROMENADE CONCERTS, A LA VALENTINO.—We know nothing of these concerts yet, save what we learn from the advertisements. They are to take place, it appears, at the Crown and Anchor, under the conductorship of Mr. Eliason, on every Wednesday and Friday during Lent, and are to be uniform in design with those, *à la Musard*, at the English Opera House. The band consists of men picked from the various theatres that are “frozen out” on those nights—in whose behalf Tom Duncombe, in the debate of Monday, was eloquent in vain.

EXETER HALL.—We regret having been unable to attend the performance of “Israel in Egypt,” which took place here on Friday last, when that noble oratorio was executed, we are told, with all the spirit and precision in the choruses for which this society is now honourably distinguished.

MADMOISELLE BULLING'S CONCERT.—This young lady gave a *Soirée Musicale* last night at the Hanover Square Rooms. The extreme timidity incidental to a first appearance prevents our pronouncing definitively on Mademoiselle Bulling's

capacity as a singer; we however discerned the evidences of many desirable requisites, and shall be happy to have other opportunities of confirming our impression of them. She gave Beethoven's song, "Kennst du das land," with chaste expression, and was still more successful, perhaps, in the prayer from Otello, "Assisa al piè d'un salice," in which she accompanied herself on the harp. Our limits forbid our entering farther into the merits of this concert, which was conducted by Mr. Moscheles, and had the services of Messrs. Mori, Hausman, Begrez, and Miss Masson. The room was well filled.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The Editors of the M. W. are therefore not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain.]

EDINBURGH.—The indefatigable Bochsä, that immortal showman, historian, and gas-fitter,* has been giving concerts here, which have been so ill-attended that the Editor of the Edinburgh Observer racks his brains to discover the cause. Three weeks having elapsed since these unlucky concerts took place, it would hardly have been worth while to forward any account of them to the *Musical World*, but for the relation which the following remarks, extracted from the above-named paper, bear to the subject of the memorable article referred to in our foot-note.

"The attendance on Tuesday evening last was extremely small,—a circumstance for which we are somewhat at a loss to account, as the name of Bochsä must be familiar to all harp players; and as the Concert had been amply advertised for some weeks past. Possibly the disrelish for this instrument, which seems too prevalent among us, may have proved superior to the temptation which the performances of such an artist as Bochsä must assuredly offer; or it may have been that the extravagant laudatory terms in which the several performers engaged to appear were heralded into public notice, had the effect of exciting distrust of their real powers,—for the art of puffing in musical matters is still in its infancy here, and shall, if we can manage it, have a very short, flickering existence."

The readers of the Musical World will be apt to think that an edifying appendix might already be given to the report of the Bochsæian proceedings published two months ago in these pages. There cannot be a doubt of it. The spirited resolution of the Editor of the Edinburgh Observer, by the way, is highly to be applauded. With respect to the concerts themselves, their character will be seen at a glance. After commenting on certain wretched derelictions of taste committed by Mrs. H. R. Bishop, the same writer thus proceeds to notice the other performers composing the Bochsæian exhibition, (only four in all, reckoning in the showman!)

"Mr. Puzzi has long been celebrated as a horn player. His tone is even better than his execution, although that is very remarkable. *We regretted, therefore, to find his well-known name in conjunction with such vulgar epithets as 'inimitable and extraordinary,' which we thought had been made over in fee-simple to great magicians and other praternatural beings.* There is a boy of eight years of age, at this moment in Germany, whom we have heard play on the French horn with a facility of execution, as well as sweetness of tone, before which every professor of the instrument we are acquainted with must yield. It is, therefore, unwise to load even a great artist with such unqualified distinctions as those we have adverted to, because it forces us to comparisons, which are at best unpleasant to handle. But such music as Mr. Puzzi played! Was there nothing in the classical pages of Beethoven, or any other great composer, which, with the able assistance of Miss Riviere, he could have produced with infinitely better effect than the poor stuff on which he wasted his delightful performance?"

"We admire talent, and regret its abuse. Mr. Bochsä is an extraordinary harp player, and has composed many beautiful pieces for his instrument; but of late he has, by some strange perversion of taste, abandoned the classical style which first gave him repute as a musician, for that which is calculated to excite wonder rather than produce delight,—a sort of musical quackery which should be beneath the notice of every artist of ability."

EXETER.—Miss Amelia Elouis gave a concert at the Royal Subscription Rooms on the 28th of January, when she was supported by the talents of Mr. Phillips and Middle. Lanza in the vocal, and Herr Ernst and Mr. Wesley, in the instrumental department. Miss Elouis was greatly applauded in several difficult fantasias on the harp by Bochsä and Labarre, which she executed in a style of admirable finish. Middle, Lanza sung an aria from the "Somnambula," a song "The Convict," Donizetti's "Deli! non voler costringere," and a duet with Phillips from Rosini. Mr. Phillips was highly successful (if a gen-

* See the Article, "How to do the Provinces," in the Musical World, No. 145.

tleman who sings so low in the bass can be said to be *highly* successful) in Mozart's "Qui sdegno," and in two ballads, "Go, lovely rose," by Waller, 1640, and "Shall I wastynge in despair," by Withers, 1650, in both of which he was encored. The quaint, delicious style of poetry,—the luxuriant imagery—which characterises these productions of the 17th century deservedly render them great favourites and fit subjects for the musician's skill. Mr. Philips likewise sung, and with the same success, a song by S. S. Wesley, son of the late celebrated Wesley, and organist at the Exeter Cathedral, entitled "There be none of beauty's daughters." A new grand pianoforte, one of Erard's patents, was sent expressly from London for the occasion, at which Mr. Wesley presided. This gentleman performed a duet with Miss Elouis, a joint composition of Bochs and Herz, with great éclat. The concert was numerous and fashionably attended.

COVENTRY.—Two evening concerts or *Soirées Musicales*, as they are now rather unnecessarily but almost universally called, have been given at the Drapers' Hall, Coventry, by Mr. Hatton, Mr. Brown, and Miss Dolby, on Thursday the 7th and Tuesday the 12th ult. Mr. Hatton is a highly-talented musician, and a composer of many fine pieces, which do him honour.—His ability in singing buffo and other songs, is incomparable. Both he and Mr. Brown, a young man from Liverpool, performed several pieces together in the finest style. They were encouraged by rapturous plaudits and received several encores. "The Angels Whisper" was performed in a chaste and emphatic manner by Miss Dolby—with a delicate feeling in many passages, which gave infinite pleasure to an attentive audience.

Had this young lady's name been better known to the public of Coventry, many more would have attended to hear her. As it was, the simplicity of her style and the wonderful sweetness of her voice—recalling recollections of Miss Stephens at her first appearance in public—elicited the marked approval of all who were present. Mr. Brown is a close imitator of the late Nicholson, whose compositions he plays with infinite nicety of execution. At the close of the concert great desire was manifested to hear this gentleman once more, and he came forward with the greatest cheerfulness to comply with the wishes of the audience.

EGHAM.—Mr. G. W. Hollis, the organist of Egham, has, we learn, formed a society for choral music, entitled the Egham and Staines Choral Society. The programme of a performance selected from Handel, Kent, &c., which is before us, exhibits much that is calculated to render good music popular. We heartily wish success to the exertions of the founder and director.

WINCHESTER.—Last Sunday week the organ in the cathedral was re-opened by Dr. Chard, the instrument has been considerably improved, having received extensive additions which, by their depth and richness of tone, add much to the solemnity of the service. These additions consist of double diapasons from the 24 feet G.G.G., on the scale adapted in the largest continental organs. Tallis's litany, and the beautiful Nicene Creed, &c., by Dr. Chard, were a part of the music performed. Messrs. Blyth and Son of Isleworth, organ-builders, have executed the work.

LIVERPOOL.—*Musical Entertainment at the Brougham Institute*.—This experiment in elegant and social recreation went off with great success, and the Committee of the Institution will, it is hoped, repeat it. Some beautiful glees, intermixed with humorous and pathetic songs, made the evening pass off very agreeably. The committee had announced their intention of giving a ball to the members and their friends on Shrove Tuesday, and this probably took place, though we don't happen to have received the report of it. The lecture-room was to be ornamented with evergreens and drapery, which Mr. Lawrence Heyworth, the president, had kindly furnished. Several gentlemen had consented to be stewards, and with a good band, and under proper regulations, similar success was anticipated.

OXFORD.—Mr. Frost with his son and daughters, who have been giving concerts in different parts of the country, it seems, under the collective name of *The Minstrel Family*, for some five years past, have been lately sojourning at the above town, where they have given two series of concerts; of which one, that took place on Ash Wednesday, consisted of a selection of sacred music, chiefly from the works of Handel; two others, on the evenings of Thursday and Friday the 14th and 15th ult., were miscellaneous, and ranged with a commendable universality from Miss Mounsey to Mozart.

CHELTEMHAM.—The second Chamber Concert was well attended, and the performance gave great satisfaction. Pio Cianchetti played his uncle's (Dussek's) piano-forte concert in F admirably, and was rapturously applauded. The Looker-on justly observes, that "Dussek will remain the Raphael of the piano-forte." The singing of Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds afforded the highest pleasure to the company, while Signor Borroni quite charmed everybody by the splendid manner in which he gave Donizetti's "*Ti vedo, ti bacio*" and "The Pirate Crew." Mr. Binfield led the band in a very able manner. This gentleman announced his intention of forming a Philharmonic Society; but we perceive that he in-

capacity as a singer; we however discerned the evidences of many desirable requisites, and shall be happy to have other opportunities of confirming our impression of them. She gave Beethoven's song, "Kennst du das land," with chaste expression, and was still more successful, perhaps, in the prayer from Otello, "Assisa al piè d'un salice," in which she accompanied herself on the harp. Our limits forbid our entering farther into the merits of this concert, which was conducted by Mr. Moscheles, and had the services of Messrs. Mori, Hausman, Begrez, and Miss Masson. The room was well filled.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The Editors of the M. W. are therefore not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain.]

EDINBURGH.—The indefatigable Bochsá, that immortal showman, historian, and gas-fitter,* has been giving concerts here, which have been so ill-attended that the Editor of the Edinburgh Observer racks his brains to discover the cause. Three weeks having elapsed since these unlucky concerts took place, it would hardly have been worth while to forward any account of them to the *Musical World*, but for the relation which the following remarks, extracted from the above-named paper, bear to the subject of the memorable article referred to in our foot-note.

"The attendance on Tuesday evening last was extremely small,—a circumstance for which we are somewhat at a loss to account, as the name of Bochsá must be familiar to all harp players; and as the Concert had been amply advertised for some weeks past. Possibly the disrelish for this instrument, which seems too prevalent among us, may have proved superior to the temptation which the performances of such an artist as Bochsá must assuredly offer; or it may have been that the extravagant laudatory terms in which the several performers engaged to appear were heralded into public notice, had the effect of exciting distrust of their real powers,—for the art of puffing in musical matters is still in its infancy here, and shall, if we can manage it, have a very short, flickering existence."

The readers of the Musical World will be apt to think that an edifying appendix might already be given to the report of the Bochsáian proceedings published two months ago in these pages. There cannot be a doubt of it. The spirited resolution of the Editor of the Edinburgh Observer, by the way, is highly to be applauded. With respect to the concerts themselves, their character will be seen at a glance. After commenting on certain wretched derelictions of taste committed by Mrs. H. R. Bishop, the same writer thus proceeds to notice the other performers composing the Bochsáian exhibition, (only four in all, reckoning in the showman!)

"Mr. Puzzi has long been celebrated as a horn player. His tone is even better than his execution, although that is very remarkable. *We regretted, therefore, to find his well-known name in conjunction with such vulgar epithets as 'inimitable and extraordinary,' which we thought had been made over in fee-simple to great magicians and other preternatural beings.* There is a boy of eight years of age, at this moment in Germany, whom we have heard play on the French horn with a facility of execution, as well as sweetness of tone, before which every professor of the instrument we are acquainted with must yield. It is, therefore, unwise to load even a great artist with such unqualified distinctions as those we have adverted to, because it forces us to comparisons, which are at best unpleasant to handle. But such music as Mr. Puzzi played! Was there nothing in the classical pages of Beethoven, or any other great composer, which, with the able assistance of Miss Riviere, he could have produced with infinitely better effect than the poor stuff on which he wasted his delightful performance?"

"We admire talent, and regret its abuse. Mr. Bochsá is an extraordinary harp player, and has composed many beautiful pieces for his instrument; but of late he has, by some strange perversion of taste, abandoned the classical style which first gave him repute as a musician, for that which is calculated to excite wonder rather than produce delight,—a sort of musical quackery which should be beneath the notice of every artist of ability."

EXETER.—Miss Amelia Elouis gave a concert at the Royal Subscription Rooms on the 28th of January, when she was supported by the talents of Mr. Phillips and Middle. Lanza in the vocal, and Herr Ernst and Mr. Wesley, in the instrumental department. Miss Elouis was greatly applauded in several difficult fantasias on the harp by Bochsá and Labarre, which she executed in a style of admirable finish. Middle. Lanza sung an aria from the "Somnambula," a song "The Convict," Donizetti's "Deli! non voler costringere," and a duet with Phillips from Rosini. Mr. Phillips was highly successful (if a gen-

* See the Article, "How to do the Provinces," in the Musical World, No. 145.

tleman who sings so low in the bass can be said to be *highly* successful) in Mozart's "Qui adegno," and in two ballads, "Go, lovely rose," by Waller, 1640, and "Shall I wastynge in despair," by Withers, 1650, in both of which he was encored. The quaint, delicious style of poetry,—the luxuriant imagery—which characterises these productions of the 17th century deservedly render them great favourites and fit subjects for the musician's skill. Mr. Philips likewise sung, and with the same success, a song by S. S. Wesley, son of the late celebrated Wesley, and organist at the Exeter Cathedral, entitled "There be none of beauty's daughters." A new grand pianoforte, one of Erard's patents, was sent expressly from London for the occasion, at which Mr. Wesley presided. This gentleman performed a duet with Miss Elouis, a joint composition of Bocha and Herz, with great éclat. The concert was numerous and fashionably attended.

COVENTRY.—Two evening concerts or *Soirées Musicales*, as they are now rather unnecessarily but almost universally called, have been given at the Drapers' Hall, Coventry, by Mr. Hatton, Mr. Brown, and Miss Dolby, on Thursday the 7th and Tuesday the 12th ult. Mr. Hatton is a highly-talented musician, and a composer of many fine pieces, which do him honour.—His ability in singing buffo and other songs, is incomparable. Both he and Mr. Brown, a young man from Liverpool, performed several pieces together in the finest style. They were encouraged by rapturous plaudits and received several encores. "The Angels Whisper" was performed in a chaste and emphatic manner by Miss Dolby—with a delicate feeling in many passages, which gave infinite pleasure to an attentive audience.

Had this young lady's name been better known to the public of Coventry, many more would have attended to hear her. As it was, the simplicity of her style and the wonderful sweetness of her voice—recalling recollections of Miss Stephens at her first appearance in public—elicited the marked approval of all who were present. Mr. Brown is a close imitator of the late Nicholson, whose compositions he plays with infinite nicety of execution. At the close of the concert great desire was manifested to hear this gentleman once more, and he came forward with the greatest cheerfulness to comply with the wishes of the audience.

EGHAM.—Mr. G. W. Hollis, the organist of Egham, has, we learn, formed a society for choral music, entitled the Egham and Staines Choral Society. The programme of a performance selected from Handel, Kent, &c., which is before us, exhibits much that is calculated to render good music popular. We heartily wish success to the exertions of the founder and director.

WINCHESTER.—Last Sunday week the organ in the cathedral was re-opened by Dr. Chard, the instrument has been considerably improved, having received extensive additions which, by their depth and richness of tone, add much to the solemnity of the service. These additions consist of double diapasons from the 24 feet G.G.G., on the scale adapted in the largest continental organs. Tallis's litany, and the beautiful Nicene Creed, &c., by Dr. Chard, were a part of the music performed. Messrs. Blyth and Son of Isleworth, organ-builders, have executed the work.

LIVERPOOL.—*Musical Entertainment at the Brougham Institute.*—This experiment in elegant and social recreation went off with great success, and the Committee of the Institution will, it is hoped, repeat it. Some beautiful glees, intermixed with humorous and pathetic songs, made the evening pass off very agreeably. The committee had announced their intention of giving a ball to the members and their friends on Shrove Tuesday, and this probably took place, though we don't happen to have received the report of it. The lecture-room was to be ornamented with evergreens and drapery, which Mr. Lawrence Heyworth, the president, had kindly furnished. Several gentlemen had consented to be stewards, and with a good band, and under proper regulations, similar success was anticipated.

OXFORD.—Mr. Frost with his son and daughters, who have been giving concerts in different parts of the country, it seems, under the collective name of *The Minstrel Family*, for some five years past, have been lately sojourning at the above town, where they have given two series of concerts; of which one, that took place on Ash Wednesday, consisted of a selection of sacred music, chiefly from the works of Handel; two others, on the evenings of Thursday and Friday the 14th and 15th ult., were miscellaneous, and ranged with a commendable universality from Miss Mounsey to Mozart.

CHELTENHAM.—The second Chamber Concert was well attended, and the performance gave great satisfaction. Pio Cianchettini played his uncle's (Dussek's) piano-forte concert in F admirably, and was rapturously applauded. The Looker-on justly observes, that "Dussek will remain the Raphael of the piano-forte." The singing of Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds afforded the highest pleasure to the company, while Signor Borrani quite charmed everybody by the splendid manner in which he gave Donizetti's "Ti vedo, ti bacio" and "The Pirate Crew." Mr. Binfield led the band in a very able manner. This gentleman announced his intention of forming a Philharmonic Society; but we perceive that he in-

tends to postpone it until next autumn, owing to the advanced period of the winter season, and the absence of many amateurs, &c, from Cheltenham.

NORWICH.—The precise date for holding the festival has not yet been fixed; but it is expected that it will take place immediately after the Worcester Meeting, which will terminate on the 13th September.

HULL AND LINCOLN.—Concerts will be given at Hull and Lincoln the first week in March, at which Miss Fanny Wyndham and Mr. Parry, jun. will sing.

YORK.—We hear that Dr. Camidge intends to give two concerts during the assize week, in March.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE OXFORD COMMEMORATION will take place on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of June, under the Patronage of the Duke of Wellington; conductor Mr. Bishop.

Mr. H. PHILLIPS is engaged at Covent Garden, and will appear in a new opera by Rooke, whose "*Amelie*," has been exceedingly successful in America.

AN INCOMPARABLE TRIO.—When Paganini was last in this country, he was present at a Musical Soirée given by Dr. Billing, where there was a host of talent, both foreign and native. In the course of the evening Paganini was solicited to favour the company with a solo; on this he observed that he had a trio for viola, guitar, and violoncello, of his own composing, which he would like very much to have performed, stating at the same time, that he would take the tenor himself, and would feel obliged if Mr. Lindley would take the violoncello part, which the latter consented to do. But what was to be done for a guitar performer? Mendelssohn volunteered to play the part on the piano-forte.—Paganini produced his trio in manuscript, written of course by himself, and in such a short-hand sort of way that it was next to impossible to make it out. At length they started, and the maestro played an adagio on the viola in the most expressive and beautiful manner imaginable, which was followed by a solo for the violoncello, most admirably played by Lindley, and which called forth repeated *bravos* from Paganini, while Mendelssohn not only executed the guitar solos in a brilliant manner, but he occasionally added a most effective bass, and this unique trio elicited the strongest expressions of delight from the company.

SAMUEL WESLEY.—After service at St. Paul's Mr. Attwood and Mr. Cooper, the organists, met Mr. Samuel Wesley at the London Coffee-house for dinner. The conversation, at my instance, turned chiefly upon music; but to Wesley any other subject seemed more agreeable. I fell into his humour, and he told me many curious anecdotes of his uncle John, the celebrated founder of the Methodists. The divine, he observed, was not the only celebrated man the family had produced. There was his cousin the soldier, Sir Arthur Wesley, or Wellesley,* as they now had chosen to call themselves, for what reason he did not know, but it was within his recollection that they altered the spelling of the name. It was on the Sunday, after prayers at St. Paul's, that we repaired to the tavern hard by. After dinner it was proposed that we should accompany Mr. Cooper to the evening service at St. Sepulchre's, where there is a fine organ. It was suggested that, if I were to ask Mr. Wesley to play at the conclusion of the service, he probably would. I said the request would come better from the king's organist than myself, but, as a stranger, it was urged that I was more likely to succeed. As we walked together I said, "Mr. Wesley, these gentlemen wish me to ask you to touch the organ at the conclusion of the service; you may be a fine organist, that I know nothing about, but I am contented with you as a philosopher and a man of letters, in whose company I have spent a pleasant day." I saw, by a cunning leer at the corner of his eye, that I had pleased him by the remark, and the moment the service was over, with a smirk upon his countenance, he sat down, and began a noble fugue in the key of C sharp major. It was wonderful with what skill and dexterity he conducted it through the most eccentric harmonies. This extemporary playing was his forte, in which he had no rival.—*Music and Friends.*

* Now the Duke of Wellington.

MUSARD.—This immortal quadrillist is now father of an innumerable progeny of concerts, which bid fair to hand his name down to the remotest posterity. *La France Musicale* announces a new musical society at Valenciennes, under the name of Concert Musard, which is to perform the latest quadrilles and galops of the great master. The orchestra to consist of not fewer than from 90 to 100 musicians and amateurs.

M. PIXIS gave a Concert at Rome last month, at which J. B. Cramer, Liszt, and himself, were announced to perform on the pianoforte. Mr. Cramer does not intend to pay England a visit this season.

THE OPERA SINGERS will consist of nearly the same eminent artists, as last season, including Grisi, respecting whose re-engagement some doubts had been circulated. Albertazzi is engaged at Drury Lane.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTOLERANCE is not confined to England, nor to Protestant church bigots. It has been announced that the Bishop of Marseilles has *forbidden the use of music* to all churches within his diocese, his own cathedral excepted. One only gracious remission of which extraordinary prohibition is made in favour of those particular saints, the patrons of the respective churches, on whose festival days the organ is permitted to be heard as usual! This bishop may be a very *Roman*, but he can hardly be called *Catholic*, we think.

A GERMAN CONDUCTOR.—Naumann, the immortal Dresden Kapellmeister, was once invited to Berlin by King Frederick William II., to conduct some compositions during the carnival. At one of the opera rehearsals the monarch, a well known friend of music, took a violoncello and played his part admirably. Naumann, honoured and delighted, became very energetic in conducting; but, at a certain expressive passage, the royal artist not appearing to attack his note with sufficient vigour, Naumann called to him, reddening, "More Prussian fire, your Majesty!" and the king eagerly obeyed the command of the master.

CULTIVATION OF MUSIC AMONG THE WORKING CLASSES.—To give a higher taste to the work-people at Belper, Mr. John Strutt has formed a musical society, by selecting forty persons, or more, from his mills and workshops, making a band of instrumental performers and a choir of singers. These persons are regularly trained by masters, and taught to play and sing in the best manner. Whatever time is consumed in their studies, is reckoned into their working hours. On the night of a general muster you may see five or six of the forge-men, in their leather aprons blasting their terrific notes upon ophicleides and trombones. Soon after the commencement of this music-school it was found that the proficients were liable to be enticed away, and to commence as teachers of music. To remedy this, the members of the orchestra are bound to remain at the works for seven years. Mr. Strutt has ingeniously contrived an orchestra, with the desks and boxes containing the instruments, to fold and pack up, so that, with the addition of a pair of wheels, the whole forms a carriage, and with an omnibus for the performers, he occasionally moves the *corps de musique* to Derby, or the surrounding villages, where their services are required for charitable occasions. The liberality with which this musical establishment is supported is as extraordinary as its novelty. As an incentive to excellence, when he visits town, he occasionally takes half-a-dozen of his cleverest people with him, who are treated to the opera and the concerts to hear the finest performers of the age.—*Music and Friends.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A great portion of this Week's Review has been unavoidably postponed.

B. Flat, will probably find the defect he complains of remedied as the season advances. At the same time let him remember that an editor is not ubiquitous, and, as the Irishman said, "a man can't be in two places at once, unless he's a bird."

We have also to acknowledge the communication of *Victor de Pontigny*, *Mr. Binfield*, of *Cheltenham*, *Mr. Seern*, *A.R.*, and *A beginner*; and several publications for review, which came too late for examination.

We beg to observe that all publications for review ought to be sent in *on or before Monday night*. Our arrangements render it next to impossible to notice works sent later. Other communications, if not long, or of particular importance, will be in time if delivered in the course of Tuesday.

The *Acrotic* with which we have been favoured by a correspondent who dates from "The Garrick," is, we venture to think, not so succise and pithy as a composition of this class should be. It is the misfortune of such "brevities" that they are expected to breathe the very "soul of wit," and a less considerable exhalation is deemed insufficient.



QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.

Under the immediate Patronage and in the presence of His Royal Highness
THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

MR. MOSCHELES' SECOND MATINEE OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, ON THURSDAY NEXT, FEBRUARY 28, 1839. To commence at TWO o'clock precisely.

EXTRACT FROM THE SCHEME.

"Homage to Frederic the Great," Prelude and Fugue, (N.B. The Subject of this Fugue was given to S. Bach by the King on his first introduction at Court, in the year 1747)	S. Bach.
Grand Fugue, from the "Requiem"	Mozart.
Two Movements from the Harpsichord Lessons, Pianoforte, Mr. Moscheles	D. Scarlatti.
New MS. Sonata, Pianoforte and Violoncello, Messrs. Moscheles and Hausmann (first time of Performance)	Mendelssohn.
Serenade, on favorite Subjects, by Mozart, Cherubini, and Spontini, for Pianoforte, Violin, Harp, Clarinet and Bassoon, Messrs. Moscheles, Blagrove, T. Wright, Willman, and Baumann (Op. 63.)	Hummel.
Grand Variations and Finale alla Fuga, (The Subject of these Variations is taken from the last movement of Beethoven's <i>Sinfonia Eroica</i>) Pianoforte, M. Moscheles	Beethoven.
Characteristic Studies, Pianoforte, Mr. Moscheles.	Moscheles.
"A Nursery Tale."	Moscheles.
"Ambition" (MS. unpublished)	Moscheles.
"C'est la Jeunesse qui a des Ailes dorées"	Henselt.
Grand Galop Chromatique	List.

VOCAL PIECES BY MISS MASSON AND MR. PARRY, JUN., TO BE ACCOMPANIED BY MR. BENEDICT.

The Third Matinée to be held on Thursday, March 14.

Single Tickets, 8s. 6d. each; a Triple Ticket, One Guinea, each; Stalls for the Room, and Boxes, Half-a-Guinea each; to be had of Messrs. CRAMER and Co., Regent Street; Mr. CHAPPELL, New Bond Street; Messrs. COLLARD and COLLARD, 25, Cheapside; and of Mr. MOSCHELES, 3, Chester Place, Regent's Park.

DANCING TAUGHT in the most Fashionable Style, by H. WILLIS, 41, Brewer Street, Golden Square. Private Lessons at all hours to Ladies and Gentlemen of any age, wishing privacy and expedition. An Evening Academy on Mondays and Fridays. A Juvenile Academy on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Families and Schools punctually attended.

A card of terms may be had on application at the Rooms. The Rooms may be engaged by Private Parties.

PERSONAL DEPORTMENT.

MR. GEORGE YATES having completed a System of Personal Deportment based on principles analogous to those by which the Sculptor and Painter are guided in representing the perfection of the Human Figure, begs to offer his services to Parents, Governesses, and Professors of Dancing. The efficacy of this novel System is best estimated by the almost immediate improvement of the Pupil, whilst its simplicity is such as to render it attainable by intelligent persons in a few lessons. Terms and particulars may be learned on application to Mr. YATES, Vine Cottage, New Road, Hammersmith, or at Mr. Green's Pianoforte Warehouse, 33, Soho Square.

Mr. YATES continues also to give instructions in Dancing.

N.B. As some deception has been practised, Mr. YATES has thought it proper to adopt the precaution of giving testimonials to his professional Pupils. Only those Professors, therefore, who can produce vouchers from him to that effect, have had his System communicated to them.

G. ANDRE, Importer of Foreign Music. REMOVED, from 70, Berner's Street, to 24, EAST STREET, RED LION SQUARE.

GREEN'S TRANSPONICON, OR TRANSPOSING PIANOFORTE.

THOSE who have any thoughts of purchasing a PIANOFORTE, are most earnestly recommended first to inspect this *Extraordinary Improvement*, by which the Performer is enabled, at pleasure, to raise or lower the pitch, to suit the Voice or any accompanying Instrument, or to transpose, at once, any composition into any other Key. Such desirable powers must shortly render obsolete all Instruments not possessing them. The price is reduced even considerably below that usually charged for ordinary Instruments.

J. GREEN, Inventor and sole Manufacturer, Seraphine Warehouse, Royal Arms, 33, Soho Square.

LONDON.—Published for the Proprietor, by HENRY HOOPER, 13, Pall Mall, East, and R. GROOMBRIDGE, Panyer Alley, Paternoster Row, every Thursday Afternoon, at Four o'clock; and the following Music Sellers:—Aldridge, Regent Street; Bule and Son, Oxford Street; Duff and Holgson, Oxford Street; George and Manby, Fleet Street; T. E. Purday, St. Paul's Church-yard; and Z. T. Purday, High Holborn.

Printed by JOHN LEIGHTON, 11, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, London.